

Book & Job work of all descriptions done at this office;
Such asPAMPHLETS, HAND-BILLS, CARDS,
Blanks, Circulars, Labels, Invitations, Hat
and Watch Ties, &c., &c., &c.

The Irishman's stratagem.

Mike Mahoney was an Irishman, every whit; but then he was a *shrewd* Irishman, and obtained more money and cold victuals by his wit than by his hard labor. In fact Mike was determined to make this country what he had been told it was before he came over the "water," a place where a man could "live easy."

It happened one day that Mike, who had strayed up into the country, was anxious to reach a railroad depot. His legs were weary, and though he had partaken of a substantial breakfast from the well-spread table of a hospitable farmer, the idea of traveling miles before nightfall, had little charms for a lazy fellow like him.

Mike had travelled about half a mile, when he observed a large handbill posted on the sign-post; and, though not much of a scholar, he managed, after spelling the hard words, to read as follows:
SIX DOLLARS.—A man calling himself William McClaffin, hired of the subscriber a gray horse and Concord built wagon, for the purpose of going to Kingston and return the same day, but has not been heard from since. Said McClaffin was a small man, pock-marked, and with a scar under his eye.

"That's me," said Mike, "barrin' the scar, and that 'a'isy mane."

Mike jogged along to the tavern, entering with a down-cast look, and took a seat before the fire. In a few minutes he heard a whispering among the inmates, and felt that the prospect for a ride was not so bad as it might be.

Soon the landlord entered, and after whispering a few moments, he tapped Mike on the shoulder and said:

"Where's your horse, my good fellow?"

"Horse?" said Mike, looking up.

"Yes, the horse you hired."

"Sure, an' the owner has him; ye wouldn't accuse an honest Irishman of the likes of me, of stealing a horse, would ye?"

"Ye may look like an honest man, but don't ye see that's an exact description of ye?"

"An' what does that say, sure?"

"That ye stole a horse and wagon."

"Is it me ye mean?"

"Certainly."

"Take me out of this, by the blessed St. Patrick,"

and Mike was fast making tracks for the door, when the landlord stepped before him.

"No ye don't," said he, taking Mike by the collar.

Mike began to shed tears, and tried to soften the heart of the landlord.

"An' sure ye wouldn't be the man of putting a poor fellow to prison—let me go now, an' I'll never darken the doors of your house again, as sure as my name's—"

"What?" asked the landlord.

"An' what was the name ye read on the paper?"

asked Mike.

"It's no matter—I'm sure he's the chap," said the landlord, "don't ye think so?" addressing himself to the crowd who had gathered in the bar-room.

"Yes," was the response.

In less than half an hour the landlord's team was at the door, and Mike was ordered to get aboard.

"Sure ye'll give me a drop of the crathur," said Mike, "before ye take me out into the cold weather."

"Yes," said the landlord, ordering his boy to set out the decanter.

"Here's to the health of ye," said Mike, "an' may the blessed Virgin protect ye, and save ye from ever being in my situation."

The liquor was drunk, and Mike and the landlord stood off for the town from which the horse had been stolen.

During the first part of the journey, Mike was exceedingly taciturn, and the landlord was not disposed to disturb his meditations. They had proceeded some half a dozen miles, when Mike asked:

"An' what will ye get for this job, mister?"

"Twenty-five dollars, perhaps," replied the landlord.

"Sure an' ye'll make better business of it than me—do ye get that?"

"Yes," said the landlord, "I guess so."

Mike relapsed into silence, and after an hour's ride they halted in front of a stable, and the landlord sung out to the proprietor—

"Here's the fellow that stole your horse and wagon."

This brought out the stable-keeper and his ostlers, and the former having thrown Mike's head back so he got a fair view of his face, said—

"This isn't the man."

"Isn't he the man?" repeated the astonished landlord.

"An' didn't I tell ye so?" said Mike. "But it's myself that's obliged to ye for takin' me here, an' saving me the trouble of a weary journey on foot."

Now, turning to the stable-keeper, "if ye tell me the way to the ralerod, it's me Mike Mahoney that'll be out of a country where honest men are civilly treated."

The road was pointed out to Mike, and he trudged at a rapid pace, while the landlord, deliberately leaving his team around, departed, amid a shout of laughter, inwardly resolving never to arrest a man for horse-stealing again.

Fat Butchers—Butchers' Yarns.

Billy H—was one of the most notorious butchers in the abstract that ever lived. If the truth be told, he was a good fellow, and a fine fellow to him a positive injury, it seemed he would tell a lie in preference to the truth at any time, and on any occasion in this respect he was indeed an anomaly. If a man told a big yarn in Billy's hearing, he was sure to be taken; Billy had always something more wonderful to relate.

Billy's neighbor, Judge B—, had many a bout with him, spinning yarns, but invariably had come out second best, although he had an exuberant imagination, and his reputation for veracity was none of the best.

On one occasion the Judge was riding past Billy's farm, when Billy halted him, and inquired if he didn't want to buy a quarter of beef, as he had just killed a fine steer.

"Was he fat, Billy?" inquired the Judge.

"Oh, yes," answered Billy, "fat as a whale, I rather guess you would think so, if you but knew how he had fattened."

"How did he get out of you, Billy, Judge, how did he get out of you?"

"Three hundred and twenty pounds to a fraction—that do you think of that?"

Now, the Judge thought this to be rather a tough nut, but he felt more inclined to beat Billy at his own game than to express any doubt about his veracity.

"That was a pretty considerable of a steer, Billy,"

"Indeed, Judge, 'but no patching' to one I killed a year ago."

"He weighed, I think, over two thousand pounds, and he turned out four hundred and ten pounds of tallow, as near as I can recollect."

Billy was taken aback for an instant, but collecting himself, he confessed that this was the largest animal he had ever had, except one that he had once killed in Philadelphia market.

"This," said Billy, "was the largest steer that had ever been seen in the market of this country."

The story to that the Judge emitted as he rode off, and he was bought by a butcher for Christmas beef.

"On Christmas eve, preparatory to being slaughtered, he was paraded through the streets, decorated with flowers and gay colored ribbons, and followed by an immense crowd."

Well, said Billy, "he was slaughtered, and he weighed not, twenty-seven hundred pounds."

"And how much tallow did you think he got out of him?"

The Judge thought such an animal would turn out considerably more than a good deal. He however told Billy, he wouldn't hazard an opinion by guessing the amount.

"Well," replied Billy triumphantly, "we got from that steer four hundred and seventy-five pounds of tallow—and darn every button on my old coat, if we didn't get two hundred pounds of beef, besides."

The Judge noted that the Judge emitted as he rode off, and he was bought by a butcher for Christmas beef.

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DESERET NEWS.

"Truth and Liberty."

VOL. 2.] GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, U. T., SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1852. [NO. 16.

THE LAST OF THE PROPHETS.

From the Jeffersonian.

Not yet has gone the race of seers,
Whose dreaded songs, in ancient years
Told of wars and woes to come—
Pointed out the warrior's doom;
Imaged forth the future fight—
Slaughter, victory, and the flight;
On in tones of deeper dread,
Sung the dark and cruel hour,
When, (hearts Freedom ever fled),
Nobles' rights should learn to cower.

One, the latest of his race,
With a dark and haggard face,
Yet remains. O! I would that he
With his vanquished sires might flee.
Could you see him as he stands,
Lifting up his bony hands—
Breathing from his shriveled lips
Curse deadly as the dew
That from the baneful Alps dips,
You would wish his exit too.

See! he cometh. Mark him now!
Hate sits scowling on his brow;
Fears spring up and pleasures die,
At the glances of his eye.
Now a hellish spell is on him—
Every flower fades before him—
Nature's sweet sounds, in awe are still,
Each warbling songster hushes,
Silent is 'e'en the flashing rill,
As through the vale it gushes.

Lo! he raises high his hand—
Slovly waves his mystic wand.
Hark! In tones as full of woe
As the wails that ring below,
Now he sings. (Oh, hushed ears!)
Words that freedom mock, yet fear.

"America! America!
Proud nation of the West,
Oh, vaunt not thy glory;
Dream not thy fate is best.
A sword is hanging o'er thee—
Its hilt is in the hand of death;
The laugh of hell is ringing
At the slaughter it will make.

"Thy sun arose in splendor—
Thy dawn was pure and bright;
Thy mid-day shall be gloomy—
Thy afternoon be night.
Thy liberty shall perish,
Like snow dissolved by rain;
The nations in their wonder
Shall seek thy place in vain.

"Ye howling Sons of Freedom!
Would you the future see?
Then serve me for a trial
Too terrible for man!
Fire, slaughter, desolation,
And heaven's avenging wrath,
Are the doom that hang above you—
The doom that is your path.

"Your starry flag shall cease to float—
Its stripes shall be defiled—
Your eagle shall be broken wings,
And scream a requiem wail.
Father and son shall nerve their arms
Against each other's life.
The streams shall swell and redoubt
With the blood of brother's strife!

"Your union shall be severed:
The last hope of the free
Shall be torn and sent scattering,
As the lightning rends the tree.
The world shall see desolately,
The set of stars shall finish
For a nation's doom,
What anarchs began.

"America! America!
Proud nation of the West,
Oh, vaunt not thy glory;
Dream not thy fate is best.
A sword is hanging o'er thee—
Its hilt is in the hand of death;
The laugh of hell is ringing
At the slaughter it will make.

Pine Cottage, Oct 5th, 1847. S. M. O.

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LIFE OF JOSEPH SMITH.

The same day I received a letter from Harvey Whitlock, of which the following is a copy:

DEAR SIR:—Having a few leisure moments, I have at last concluded to do what my own judgment has long dictated would be right, but the allurement of mine vices have long retarded the hand that would wield the pen to make intelligent the communication that I wish to send to you: and even now, that ambition, which is a prevailing and predominant principle, among the great mass of natural men, forbids that plainness of sentiment with which I wish to write: for know assuredly, sir, to you I wish to unshroud my feelings, and unveil the secrets of my heart, as before the omniscient Judge of all the earth. Be not surprised, when I declare unto you, as the Spirit will bear record, that my faith is firm and unshaken in the things of the everlasting gospel as it is proclaimed by the servants of the Latter Day Saints.

Dear brother Joseph, (if I may be allowed the expression) when I consider the happy times, and peaceful moments, and pleasant seasons I have enjoyed with you, and this people, contrasted with my now degraded state, together with the high and important station I have held before God, and the abyss into which I have fallen, is a subject that swells my heart too big for utterance; and language is overwhelmed with feelings, and loses its power of description; and as I desire to know the will of God concerning me, believing it is my duty to make known unto you my real situation, I shall therefore dispassionately proceed to give a true and unvarnished relation.

I need not tell you that in former times I have preached the word, and endeavored to be instant in season, and out of season, to reprove, rebuke, exhort, and faithfully to discharge that trust reposed in me. But with what grief and lamentable sorrow, and anguish, do I have to relate that I have fallen from that princely station, whereunto our God has called me—Reasons why are unnecessary: may the fact suffice; and believe me when I tell you, that I have sunk myself (since my last separation from this body) in crimes of the deepest die; and that I may the better enable you to understand what my real sins are, I will mention (although prior to this) some that I am not guilty of. My hands have not been stained with innocent blood, neither have I lain couching around the cottages of my fellow men, to seize and carry off the goods: nor have I slandered my neighbor, nor born a false testimony; nor taken an unlawful hire; nor oppressed the widow nor fatherless; neither have I persecuted the saints. But my hands are swift to do iniquity, and my feet are fast running in the paths of vice and folly; and my heart quick to devise wicked imaginations; nevertheless, I am impressed with the sure thought that I am fast hastening into a world of disembodied beings, without God, and with but one hope in the world: which is to know, that to err is human, but to forgive is divine.

Much I might say in relation to myself, and the original difficulties with the church, which

I will forbear; and inasmuch as I have been charged with things that I am not guilty of, I am now more than doubly guilty, and am now willing to forgive and forget, only let me know that I am within the reach of mercy. If I am not, I have no reflections to cast, but say that I have sealed my own doom, and pronounced my own sentence. If the day is passed by with me, may I here beg leave to entreat of those who are still toiling up the rugged ascent, to make their way to the realms of endless felicity and delight, to stop not for anchors here below; follow not my example, but steer your course onward in spite of all the combined powers of earth and hell; for know that one misstep here is only retrievable by a thousand groans and tears before God.

Dear brother Joseph, let me entreat you, on the reception of this letter, as you regard the salvation of my soul, to inquire at the hand of the Lord, in my behalf; for I this day in the presence of God, do earnestly to abide the word that may be given; for I am willing to receive any chastisement that the Lord sees I deserve. Now hear my prayer, and suffer me to break forth in the agony of my soul. O ye angels that surround the throne of God; princes of heaven that excel in strength; ye who are clothed with transcendent brightness, plead, O plead for one of the most wretched of the sons of men. O ye heavens! whose azure arches rise immensely high, and stretch immeasurably wide—grand amphitheatres of nature, throne of the Eternal God, how to bear the prayer of a poor, wretched, bewildered, way wanderer to eternity. O thou great omnipotent and omnipresent Jehovah! thou who sittest upon the throne, before whom all things are present: thou maker, moulder, and fashioner of all things visible and invisible, breathe, O breathe into the ears of thy servant the prophet, words suitably adapted to my case and situation; speak once more, make known thy will concerning me, which favors I ask in the name of the Son of God. Amen.

N. B. I hope you will not let any business prevent you from answering this letter, in haste. Yours respectfully,

HARVEY WHITLOCK.

To JOSEPH SMITH.

Which I answered as follows:

Kirtland, Nov. 16, 1835.

Bro. Harvey Whitlock:—I have received your letter of the 23rd of September, 1835, and I have read it twice, and it gave me sensations that are better imagined than described; let it suffice that I say that the very good gales of my heart were broken up: I could not refrain from weeping. I think God that it has entered into your heart to try to return to the Lord, and to this people; if it so be, that he will have mercy upon you. I have inquired of the Lord concerning your case: these words came to me: Verily thus saith the Lord unto you: let him who was my servant Harvey, return unto me, and unto the bosom of my church, and forsake all the sins wherewith he has offended against me, and pursue from henceforth a virtuous and upright life, and remain under the direction of those whom I have appointed to be pillars and heads of my church, and behold, with the Lord your God, his sins shall be blotted out from under Heaven, and shall be forgotten from among men, and shall not come up in mine ears, nor be recorded as a memorial against him, but I will lift him up, as out of deep mire, and he shall be exalted upon the high places, and shall be counted worthy to stand among princes, and shall get a name as a polished shift in my quiver of bringing down the strong holds of wickedness among those who set themselves up on high, that they may take counsel against me, and against my unointed ones in the last days. Therefore, let him prepare himself speedily and come unto me, even to Kirtland; and inasmuch as he shall hearken unto all your counsel from henceforth, he shall be saved unto the uttermost, even as the Lord your God liveth; amen.

Thus you see, my dear brother, the willingness of our heavenly Father to forgive sins, and restore to favor all those who are willing to humble themselves before him, and confess their sins, and forsake them, and return to him with full purpose of heart, (acting no hypocrisy) to serve him to the end.

Marvel not that the Lord has condescended to speak from the heavens, and give you instructions whereby you may learn your duty: he has heard your prayers and witnessed your humility; and holds forth the hand of paternal affection for your return; the angels rejoice over you, while the saints are willing to receive you again into fellowship.

I hope, on the receipt of this, you will lose no time in coming to Kirtland; for if you get here in season, you will have the privilege of attending the school of the prophets, which has already commenced, and also receive instructions in doctrine and principle from those whom God has appointed, whereby you may be qualified to go forth, and declare the true doctrines of the kingdom according to the mind and will of God; and when you come to Kirtland, it will be explained to you why God has condescended to give you a revelation according to your request.

Please give my respects to your family; and be assured I am yours in the bonds of the new and everlasting covenant.

JOSEPH SMITH, junior.

In the course of the day, Father Beaman, elder Strong, and others, called to counsel with me. In the evening a council was called at my house to counsel with Alva Beaman on the subject of his moving to Missouri; I had previously told him that the Lord had said that he had better go to Missouri, next spring; however he wished a council called. The council met, and President David Whitmer arose and said, the Spirit manifested to him that it was his duty to go; others bore the same testimony.

The same night I received the word of the Lord on Mr. Holmes' case. He had desired that I would inquire at the hand of the Lord, whether it was his duty to be baptized here, or wait until he returned home. The word of the Lord came unto me saying, that Mr. Holmes had better not be baptized here, and that he had better not return by water, also that there were three men, that were seeking his destruction—to beware of these enemies.

Tuesday, 17th, exhibited the alphabet of the ancient records to Mr. Holmes, and some others; went with him to F. G. Williams', to see the mummies; we then took the parting hand, and he started for home, being strong in the faith of the gospel of Jesus Christ, and determined to obey its requirements. I returned home and spent the day in dictating and comparing letters; a fine, pleasant day, although cool. This evening at early candle light, I preached at the school house.

Wednesday, 18th, at home in the forenoon, until about 11 o'clock; I then went to Preserved Harris' to preach his father's funeral ser-

mon, by the request of his family. I preached on the subject of the resurrection. The congregation were very attentive. My wife, my mother, and my scribe, accompanied me to the funeral; pleasant out, but cool and cloudy on our return.

This day, a council of high priests and elders of the Church of Latter Day Saints, was held at New Portage, to hear the complaint of sister Clarissa Matthews, against elder Reuben Keeler for prosecuting in a court of law, and taking their property on execution. Notwithstanding that he had received his pay, or the most part of it, and refusing to allow them for what they had paid to him; also forfeiting his word, as he had frequently stated to her that he would not take her property in such a manner; and also for oppressing her family in an unchristianlike manner. Elder Keeler pleaded not guilty, but the council decided that he was guilty of the first and last charges, and gave judgment accordingly; with which elder Keeler refused to comply, and said he would appeal to the High Council at Kirtland. Ambrose Palmer, P. E. Joseph B. Bosworth, Clerk.

At evening, bishop Whitney, his wife, father, mother, and sister-in-law, came and invited me and my wife to go with them and visit father Smith and family. My wife was unwell, and could not go, but I and my scribe went. When we arrived, some of the young elders were about engaging in a debate on the subject of miracles. The question: Was, or was it not the design of Christ to establish his gospel by miracles? After an interesting debate of three hours or more, during which time much talent was displayed. It was decided by the president of the debate in the negative; which was a righteous decision. I discovered in this debate, much warmth displayed; too much zeal for mastery; too much of that enthusiasm that characterizes a lawyer at the bar, who is determined to defend his cause, right or wrong. I therefore availed myself of this favorable opportunity to drop a few words upon this subject by way of advice, that they might improve their minds and cultivate their powers of intellect in a proper manner, that they might not incur the displeasure of heaven; that they should handle sacred things very sacredly and with due deference to the opinions of others, and with an eye single to the glory of God.

Thursday, 19th, went in company with Doctor Williams and my scribe to see how the workmen prospered in finishing the house. The masons on the inside had commenced putting on the finishing coat of plastering. On my return, I met Loyd and Lorenzo Lewis and conversed with them upon the subject of their being disaffected; I found that they were not so, as touching the faith of the church, but with some of the members. I returned home and spent the day in translating the Egyptian records: a warm and pleasant day.

Friday 20th, at home in the morning; weather warm and rainy; we spent the day in translating, and made rapid progress. At evening, President Cowdery returned from New York, bringing with him a quantity of Hebrew books, for the benefit of the school. He presented me with a Hebrew Bible, Lexicon, and Grammar, also a Greek Lexicon, and Webster's English Lexicon. President Cowdery had a prosperous journey, according to the prayers of the saints in Kirtland.

Saturday, 21st, spent the day at home in examining my books, and studying the Hebrew alphabet. At evening, met with our Hebrew class, to make some arrangements about a teacher. It was decided by the voice of the school to send to New York for a Jew to teach us the language, if we could get released from the engagements we had made with Doctor Pexotto to teach us, having ascertained that he was not qualified to give us the knowledge we wished to acquire of the Hebrew.

Sunday, 22d, went to meeting at the usual hour. Simeon Carter preached from the 7th of Matthew. President Rigdon's brother-in-law and other relatives were at meeting. In the afternoon the meeting was held in the school house. In the evening, a council of high priests and elders was held in the presence of the members of the church, when Mr. Andrew Jackson Squires, who had been an ordained elder in the church, and for a time had preached the gospel successfully, but after a while sent his license to President Smith in a letter, came before the council, and confessed that he had been in temptation, and fallen into error, so much as to join the Methodists; yet said he was not in faith with their doctrine. He desired to return to the fellowship of the church, asked forgiveness of the brethren, and restoration of his license. President Smith spoke of the impropriety of turning away from the truth and going after a people so destitute of the spirit of righteousness as the Methodists. President Rigdon showed the folly of fellowshiping any doctrine or spirit aside from that of Christ. Mr. Squires arose and said he felt firm in the determination of doing the will of God in all things, or as far as in him lies; was sorry for his faults, and by the grace of God, will forsake them in future. Council and church voted to restore him to fellowship, and the office of elder also, and that the clerk give him a license.

Monday, 23d, several brethren called to converse with me, and see the records. Received a letter from Jared Carter. Spent the day in conversing, and in studying the Hebrew. A stormy day.

Tuesday, 24th, at home. Spent the forenoon instructing those that called to inquire concerning the things of God in the last days. In the afternoon we translated some of the Egyptian records. I had an invitation to attend a wedding at brother Hyrum Smith's in the evening; also to solemnize the matrimonial ceremony between Newell Knight and Lydia Goldthwaite; my wife accompanied me: on our arrival a considerable company had collected. The bridegroom and bride came in, and took their seats, which gave me to understand that they were ready. After prayers, I requested that marriage was an institution of heaven, instituted in the garden of Eden; that it was necessary it should be solemnized by the authority of the everlasting priesthood. The ceremony was original with me, and in substance as follows: You covenant to be each other's companions through life, and discharge the duties of husband and wife in every respect; to which they assented. I then pronounced them husband and wife in the name of God, and also the blessings that the Lord conferred upon Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden, that is, to multiply and replenish the earth, with the addition of long life and prosperity; dismissed them and returned home. Freezing, some snow on the ground.

Wednesday, 25th, spent the day in translating. Harvey Redfield and Jessie Hitchcock arrived from Missouri. The latter says that he has no doubt, but a dose of poison was admin-

istered to him in a bowl of milk; but God delivered him.

Thursday, 26th, spent the day in translating Egyptian characters from the papyrus; though severely afflicted with a cold. Robert Rathbone and George Morey arrived from Zion.

Friday, 27th, much afflicted with my cold, yet I am determined to overcome in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. Spent the day at home, reading Hebrew. Brother Parish, my scribe, being afflicted with a cold, asked me to lay my hands on him in the name of the Lord; I did so, and in return I asked him to lay his hands on me, and we were both relieved.

Saturday, 28th, spent the morning in comparing our journal. Elder Josiah Clark, from the State of Kentucky, called on me. Considerably recovered from my cold. Cold and stormy: snow falling, and winter seems fast to be closing in; all nature shrinks before the chilling blasts of rigid winter. Elder Clark above mentioned, whose residence is about 3 miles from Cincinnati, was bitten by a mad dog some three or four years since; has doctored much, and received some benefit, but is much afflicted notwithstanding; he came here that he might be benefited by the prayers of the church; accordingly we prayed for and laid hands on him in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and anointed him with oil, and rebuked his afflictions, praying our heavenly Father to hear and answer our prayers according to our faith. Cold and snowy.

Sunday morning, 29th, went to meeting at the usual hour. Elder Morley preached; and in the afternoon, bishop Partridge. These discourses were well adapted to the times in which we live, and the circumstances under which we are placed. Their words were words of wisdom, like apples of gold in pictures of silver, spoken in the simple accents of a child, yet sublime as the voice of an angel. The saints appeared to be much pleased with the beautiful discourses of these two fathers in Israel. After these services closed, three of the Zion brethren came forward and received their blessings; and Solon Foster was ordained an elder; the Lord's supper administered. Spent the evening at home. Snow fell about one foot deep; very cold.

Monday morning, 30th. The snow continues to fall; an uncommon storm for this country, and this season of the year. Spent the day in reviewing and copying the letter I dictated on the 16th, concerning the gathering, for the Messenger and Advocate. Henry Capron, an old acquaintance from Manchester, New York, called on me. I showed him the Egyptian records.

December 1st, 1835, at home; spent the day in writing for the Messenger and Advocate. Fine sleighing, and the snow yet falling.

Wednesday, 2d, a fine morning. I started to ride to Painesville with my family and scribe; when we were passing through Mentor street, we overtook a team with two men on the sleigh. I politely asked them to let me pass. They granted my request, and as we passed them, they bowed out. Do you get my revelation lately, with an addition of black-guard language that I did not understand. This is a fair sample of the character of Mentor street inhabitants, who are ready to abuse and scandalize men, who never laid a straw in their way; and in fact those, whose faces they never saw, and cannot bring an accusation against, either of a temporal or spiritual nature, except on firm belief in the fallacy of the gospel; and I was led to marvel at the long suffering and condescension of our heavenly Father, in permitting these angrily wretches to possess this goodly land, which is indeed as beautiful situated, and its soil as fertile, as any in this region of country, and its inhabitants wretches, even blessed above measure in temporal things; and vain would God bless them with spiritual blessings even eternal life, were it not for their evil hearts of unbelief; and we are led to mingle our prayers with those saints that have suffered the like treatment before us, whose souls are under the altar crying to the Lord for vengeance upon those that dwell upon the earth; and we rejoice that the time is at hand, when the wicked who will not repent, will be swept from the earth with the besom of destruction, and the earth becomes an inheritance for the poor and the meek. When we arrived at Painesville, we called at sister Harriet Howe's, and left my wife and family to visit her, while we rode into town to do some business. Called and visited H. Kingsbury; dined with sister Howe, and returned home; had a fine ride; sleighing good; weather pleasant.

Thursday, 3d, at home. Wrote a letter to David Root, Rochester, Michigan; another to Almira Schohy, Liberty, Clay co., Missouri. At evening, visited with my wife, at Thomas Carrioco's. A respectable company waited our arrival. After singing and prayer, I delivered an address on matrimony, and joined in marriage, Warren Parish and